

HOLDREGE HARVEST JUBILEE AND FAIR

Aug. 26-31
Inclusive

The State Firemen's Tournament

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
August 26, 27, 28

The largest Firemen's gathering
ever held in the state. All the
crack teams in the state, consist-
ing of 400 men will be here to
compete for \$1500 in prizes.

Everything Bigger, Bet-
ter, Grander than Ever.

Patterson's Car- nival Company

18-BIG ATTRACTIONS-18

Will be Here all Week.

Be here for the Firemen's
Tournament Monday and stay
all week.

Ample Accommoda-
tions for Everybody

August 26-31
Inclusive

Holdrege, Neb.

LAWYERS IN ENGLAND.

The Difference Between the Barrister
and the Solicitor.

The barrister in England is the very
salt of the earth. He it is who makes
the laws, who goes into parliament,
who sits on the bench, who considers
himself seven or eight degrees higher
up in the social scale than any other
poor or middle class mortal, and with
all this he has absolutely no responsi-
bility toward his clients. That ancient,
much abused thing called custom in
this country has created for the law
two separate and distinct limbs, which
may be compared in a measure to the
life of the bee. One is the drone and
the other the queen. The drone is the
solicitor, who sits in an office working
up a case, consulting clients, drawing
gills, controlling estate transactions and
controlling the incomes of people who
are unfortunate enough to be saddled
under the trust deeds. The solicitor,
who has his own tradition to work out,
does not ever get to himself any glory
whatever. Except in police and county
court cases, he is persona non grata,
or, in the words of the judges, "he is
not seen." If he has a case on hand,
he is obliged to take it to a barrister,
who, though he may never have heard
of the matter in dispute before, dons
his wig and gown, proceeds into court
and argues till all is black and blue,
as if he knew all about it, for which he
draws a most prodigious fee, quite big
enough to enable him to appear nicely
mounted in the row every morning.
If he spoils the case, there is no chance
for redress, because the barrister is
merely a gentleman whom fiction po-
litely assumes to be a friend in need.
All the onus of failure falls upon the
poor solicitor. There are no barristers
in prison, but there are a good many
solicitors who wear the broad arrow
which is the trademark of his majesty's
prisons. The solicitor remains the old
time family adviser, to whom all sorts
of foolish people bring their trust
deeds, their stock certificates, their
government bonds and all such docu-
ments which have a tendency to lead a
weak man into temptation, and that is
why so many solicitors, when they
need money, find it impossible to re-
sist the desire to take that which is
not theirs.—London Letter in Town and
Country.

Milk as a Food.

Milk is in itself a perfect food—that
is, it contains all the elements neces-
sary to sustain life and to build up and
repair the bodily tissues. As it is a
food, it should not be considered as a
beverage, to be used as such in addi-
tion to solid foods. When so used it
adds to the tax made upon the diges-
tive organs. Many persons who say
they "cannot take milk" because they
drink it at meals as if it were water
would find that no disagreeable effect
would follow when used in place of
food and not as a food accompani-
ment.—Pearson's Weekly.

FEAR OF GHOSTS.

Harmless Visitors From Whom We All
Shrink In Terror.

Deep down in the heart of man there
abides a firm belief in the power of the
dead to walk upon the earth and af-
fright, if such be their pleasure, the
souls of the living. Wise folks, versed
in the sciences and fortified in mind
against faith in aught that savors of
the supernatural, laugh ideas of the
kind to scorn, yet hardly one of them
will dare to walk alone through a
graveyard in the night, or if one be
found so bold he will surely hasten his
footsteps, unable wholly to subdue the
fear of sheeted specters which may
rise from the grass grown graves or
emerge from moonlit tombs and follow
on, for, strangely enough, the dead, if
not actually hostile to the living, are
esteemed dangerous and dreadful to
encounter.

It used to be the fashion, says a writ-
er in Lippincott's Magazine, to sweep
away all such notions by saying that
they had their origin in the childhood
of the race and that they sprang from
fear of the unknown. This unques-
tionably was the easiest way to dis-
pose of them, but it was fair? The
subject possesses intense interest for a
great majority of mankind, and, though
the existence of ghosts is unproved,
there is undeniably a vast deal of tes-
timony in their behalf that deserves
serious and respectful consideration.
Fortunately, within the last few years
the attitude of science toward the
problem has altogether changed, and,
actuated by a new spirit of inquiry, the
wise men have been engaged, thought-
fully and without prejudice, in study-
ing it out.

While it cannot be said that any final
and definite conclusions have as yet
been reached, an immense amount of
evidence has been sifted, enough to
show pretty conclusively for one point
that the traditional specter of the Cock
Lane school, with clanking chain and
attributes disagreeably suggestive of
the grave, has no basis in fact. On the
other hand, there are certain phantoms,
altogether different in their character-
istics, in whose behalf a mass of testi-
mony is adduced far greater than
would be required to establish com-
plete proof in any ordinary case in a
court of law. Nothing short of abso-
lute demonstration in such a matter
can be satisfactory, but the evidence
in question certainly staggers incred-
ulity.

Our fear of phantoms appears to
spring from a dread of the unknown,
the mysterious and the intangible.
That it is a groundless terror is proved
by the fact that in many thousands of
cases of alleged spectral appearances
subjected during the last few years to
painstaking investigation not a single
instance has been found in which an
injury was inflicted by the ghost upon
the person or persons to whom it
presented itself. So that, even if we are
to accept apparitions as veritable, we
ought to regard them with curiosity
rather than with apprehension, and in-
stead of trying to avoid such supernat-
ural visitors we should eagerly seek an
opportunity to be haunted for the sake
of observing for ourselves phenomena
so intensely interesting.

Exchange in Neckties.

A South Penn square business man
has evolved a plan of how to dodge
wifery, but there is merit attaching to
it in this case. His wife insists on
buying his neckties and dotes on lavender
and red or green spots or a pale
shimmering Nile green shot with purple.
Rather than cause her anguish by
seemingly to decry her taste in cravats,
her husband most deceitfully starts for
the office every morning wearing a tie
of her selection. Once in the office,
however, the traitor quickly exchanges
the offending necktie for something
quieter which he keeps under careful
lock and key in his own private desk.
It would be interesting to find out his
wife's sensations should she pay him a
visit some day in office hours or
should he forget to make the exchange
again before his trip home.—Philadel-
phia Record.

Hats With Tempers.

There are hats with tempers, as ev-
ery woman is aware—the hats that
"go on" beautifully one day (for prefer-
ence in the hat shop five minutes
before they are bought) and which in
the next refuse to assume the right
pose and poise for love or money.
There are few conditions more trying
than to fall under the ban of a hat's
pleasure. The only thing to be done
is to put it away for a week or so
and wait till it has recovered from its
temper, like a naughty child. One can-
not argue with a hat and smacking is
not to be recommended.—London
Queen.

He Understood.

A late judge whose personal appear-
ance was as unprepossessing as his legal
knowledge was profound and his
intelligence keen interrupted a female
witness:

"Humbugged you, my good woman!
What do you mean by that?" said he
sternly.

"Well, my lord," replied the woman,
"I don't know how to explain it ex-
actly, but if a girl called your lordship a
handsome man she would be humbug-
ging you."—London Tit-Bits.

Willing to Risk It.

Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted phys-
ician says that deadly bacteria lurk
in bank notes, and many diseases, es-
pecially smallpox, are spread that way.
Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me
all you have. I've been vaccinated,
you know.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is necessary to hope, though hope
should be always deluded, for hope it-
self is happiness, and its frustrations,
however frequent, are yet less dreadful
than its extinction.—Dr. Johnson.

BWARE OF STRIPES.

Animals That Wear Them Are Said to
Be Treacherous.

"Show me a striped wild animal, and
I will show you one you want to keep
your eye on," said the circus man. "I
have had to do with wild animals now
for a good many years—I won't tell
you how many because I am getting
old enough to feel the weight of these
time posts—and I have never yet come
up with a striped beast that did not
show mean traits.

"Sometimes I wonder if this is not
the way nature has of marking up the
bad fellows so that they may be
known, just as we put striped suits on
the impossibly bad of the human kind.
Take hyenas, for instance. They come
under the head of a dog species. How
seldom you ever hear of a dog snipping
the hand that feeds it! These ugly
things are liable to do it any time.

"Zebras are pudgy little horses with
stripes that give away their tempera-
ment. Every now and then you hear
of zebras broken to harness. Well, I
have seen a few of these, but they didn't
go far before something else was
broken besides the zebra's mean nature.
They are strong and good looking,
but so infernally cussed that there is
no doing anything with them.

"Sometimes a lion's mane is marked
with uneven black circles. When this
is the case, it is wise not to get too
familiar. It is the sign of a bad streak
somewhere in Leo's makeup, and there
is no telling when this strain might
turn his strength into savage danger.

"The elephant is good natured and
obedient. The camel takes life easily
and doesn't seem to worry about any-
thing so long as he is left to munch
by himself. A bear with a fur of sev-
eral shadings is a bad one to take
risks with.

"The tapir is a harmless beast and
rather affectionate. He can even cry.
Big rolling teardrops show this when
his keeper cuts him out of a meal or
goes away for a day or two. The
llama is an animal sort that may be
properly classed with the spotted ani-
mals. Brown and white and black and
white in huge splashes lend to the
good looks of its curling coat. It has
big lamblike eyes and would run from
a baby."—Boston Globe.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

There are a good many rabbits play-
ing lion parts.

If you let others do your bragging
for you, it isn't so apt to be overdone.
When authority spoils a man, it is
also apt to be hard on those over
whom it extends.

Careful comparison makes any other
heritage look insignificant compared
with common sense.

You often hear impolite children
criticized. Ever realize that there are
a good many impolite grown people?

Some houses are so prim and orderly
they remind one of the systematic ar-
rangement of the tombstones in a well
kept graveyard.

If you want to know how people
speak of you behind your backs, listen
to the reckless manner in which they
pitch into others.

We admire a patience that doesn't
parade it. The hen, for instance, when
sitting doesn't look as if it felt that no
rooster could ever be such a martyr.—
Atchison Globe.

Pocahontas and John Smith.

The pretty story of Smith's rescue
from imminent death by Pocahontas
when he was in the clutches of her
redoubtable father, Powhatan, has
been rather blown upon by later his-
torians. It has been shown that
Smith in his earlier narrative only
mentions the princess incidentally as a
child, and it was not until she came
afterward to England and Smith wrote
an account of her for the edification of
the court that he described vividly
how she hazarded the beating out of
her own brains to save his. By that
time the romantic Pocahontas had
been metamorphosed into Mistress Re-
becca Rolfe, wife of a Virginia settler
of standing, and her portrait, with
plumed hat, ruff and fan, has been
duly handed down in this capacity.—
London Times.

Wife Appreciated It.

They have just "blown themselves"
for a new bed, an old fashioned, colo-
nial sort of bed, that looks as though
it might have been in somebody's fam-
ily for a hundred years or so, and they
think a great deal of it. They have
discussed its many merits time and
again, but it remained for the young
wife to discover one feature of the
new bed that had never appealed to
the husband.

"There's one thing I like about the
bed," said she, "about the sideboard,
and the way it's put on."
"What's that?" asked he.
"It's so low I don't believe a man
could crawl under it," said she.—In-
dianapolis News.

The Taps on the Wall.

His mother was superstitious afore-
'im and always knew when 'er friends
died by hearing three loud taps on the
wall. The only mistake she ever made
was one night when, after losing no
less than seven friends, she found out
it was the man next door hanging pic-
tures at 3 o'clock in the morning. She
found it out by 'im hitting 'is thumb
nail.—Strand Magazine.

They Didn't Know Paper.

Scholars have wondered why it was
that the ancient Roman genius never
achieved the art of printing. The se-
cret of the failure lies probably in the
fact that the Romans never discovered
how to make paper, for recent investi-
gations prove that they had in general
use wooden and metal stamps for
marking wares, packages, etc.—Pitts-
burg Post.

ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO.

Japanese Naval Officer Who Helped
the Mikado Vanquish the Czar.

Another highly distinguished Japa-
nese fighting man, Admiral Baron Ya-
mamoto, is on a visit to the United
States, accompanied by several officers
of the mikado's navy, to inspect our
shipyards, docks and other points of
interest to naval men.

The admiral is a graduate of the
Japanese Naval academy. He was
raised to the rank of full admiral along
with Togo in 1904. During the war
with Russia he was in the cabinet as
minister of marine, a post correspond-



ADMIRAL BARON YAMAMOTO.

ing to our secretaryship of the navy.
He won his first great distinction in
the war with China, and after the bat-
tle of the Yalu River his promotion was
rapid. He became a cabinet min-
ister at the time of the Boxer uprising.

Admiral Yamamoto is a great favor-
ite of the mikado. He is a man of en-
ergy and of remarkable efficiency in
directing naval construction and prepa-
ration for war. Much of the success
of the Japanese navy against that of
Russia was due to Yamamoto's admin-
istration. A Japanese writer has said
of him, "The real greatness of the
Baron Gombel Yamamoto is his qual-
ity to be a statesman-admiral." The
same writer quaintly remarks that "in
the time of peace a mechanical achieve-
ment in the naval circle is a marked
triumph for Japan." Yamamoto's
"mechanical achievements" make for
the greatness of the Japanese navy.

Count Okuma is quoted as having
said that Yamamoto is the "first man
in the Japanese army and navy." With
all these honors and compliments
preceding him, the admiral is consid-
ered entitled to a cordial reception in
America, and the naval officer detailed
by Rear Admiral Evans as his escort
during the visit has an assignment
much coveted by fellow officers.

MRS. A. J. DREXEL.

American Lady Who Is a Favorite at
the British Court.

Colonel Anthony J. Drexel of New
York and Philadelphia and his wife
are very fond of European society,
and there are few circles abroad which
they cannot enter if they desire. Mrs.
Drexel recently presented her daugh-
ter Margarita at the British court.
The court held by King Edward and
Queen Alexandra at Buckingham pal-
ace was the most brilliant of the year.
Miss Drexel was greatly admired for
her beauty and talent. Her mother is
still a handsome woman and is fa-
mous for her jewels, with which she



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL.

was resplendent on this occasion. The
Drexels were neighbors of England's
royalty when they lived at Norris cas-
tle, and King Edward is said to have
a special liking for Colonel Drexel,
who approximates the British idea of
a true, all around sportsman and is
especially devoted to yachting. He and
Mrs. Drexel have entertained the Rus-
sian royal family on board their luxu-
rious yacht Margarita. Last spring at
Blarritz Mrs. Drexel made an especial
hit with King Edward, who was im-
mensely amused by her diverting sto-
ries. At one dinner at which both
were present the American million-
airess kept the British monarch in
roars of laughter throughout the meal.

Properly Named.

Mr. Ferguson (about to make a trip)
—Laura, where is my traveling umbrel-
la?

Mrs. Ferguson—On its travels, I sup-
pose. I haven't seen it since the last
time you took it out.—Chicago Tribune.

A WOMAN'S QUICK EYE.

It Was the Means of Gaining a Fortune
at Monte Carlo.

Nearly every one who has been to
Monte Carlo has heard of "Mamma"
Vlaud, a little, bent old French wo-
man, a widow, who played for years.

"Mamma" Vlaud played roulette each
day from morning until night. Her
beady eyes, twitching nervously, saw
nothing but the ivory ball as it fell
into the cell. As they watched her
staggering from the gaming tables
late at night people pitied her.

Her whole soul, her life, seemed ab-
sorbed in the awful desire of winning.
The old woman at times lost heavily—
for her; then she regained her losses.
For a long time she was enabled to
live and continue her feverish pursuit
of the game.

One night the old woman lost nearly
all her store. As she passed from the
table, despair in her eyes, her attention
was attracted by another wheel. She
stopped and bent over the table.
Again and again the wheel spun
around and stopped. The old woman's
eyes sparkled. A flush suffused her
pallid cheeks.

As she left the room she clapped her
hands, and her laugh—a shrill, mock-
ing chuckle—startled the gamblers as
ominous, uncanny.

"Better watch the old woman!" one
of the official lookouts told a detective.
He followed "Mamma" Vlaud to her
hotel. He listened outside of her door.
There was no alarming sound. In a
short while she extinguished her lights
and evidently had retired.

The following evening she reappear-
ed in the gaming hall. Her eyes still
sparkled; her cheeks were still flushed.
With her were several notorious game-
sters. They approached a table. "Mam-
ma" Vlaud began to play.

She won. The gamblers, who had
loaned her money, watched. She play-
ed a second time and won and a third
time and won. The gamblers looked
on amazed and saw the old woman
raking in thousands of francs.

During the evening the old woman
sat by the table, playing persistently.
Her winnings doubled, tripled, quad-
rupled and piled up about her.

The management became alarmed.
A consultation was held. Special de-
tectives were sent to watch her. Scores
had gathered about the table, looking
on breathlessly at her wonderful run
of luck. The detectives reported to
the management that "Mamma" Vlaud
was playing a certain combination of
numbers that invariably won.

One of the directors besought the old
woman to desist playing. The bank
would be broke, he declared. She
smiled and continued to play.

The director offered her \$50,000 to
cease playing. He doubled the figure
if she would tell him the secret of her
success. He implored her to take
\$200,000, \$250,000, only cease waging
her successful battle for gold.

Finally he offered her \$300,000. Ac-
cepting this, "Mamma" Vlaud, gather-
ing together her fortune, told him very
quietly that in passing the table the
night before her quick eye had de-
tected that the ball of this particular
wheel stopped at a certain place at
regular intervals. The managers ex-
amined the wheel, found that it was
out of order and congratulated them-
selves upon having compromised with
the old woman.—Philadelphia North
American.

Music and Digestion.

I have often spooned up my soup to
waltz time and carved a steak, while
"Waiting at the Church" appropriately
symbolized my vexation at the delay
of the waiter in bringing the table
saute. But perhaps the most thrilling
experience is to eat a mutton chop to
the tendor song from "Carmen." That
even rivals eating squash pie and
cheese to Liszt's "Second Hungarian
Rhapsody." There are two gastro-
harmonic combinations I have not yet
met with, however, but which I live
in hopes of meeting, as a climax to
my musical career. One is to eat
roast goose to the vopsiel of "Parsi-
fal," the other to find honey and the
dance of Salome from the Strauss op-
era in happy conjunction. Somehow I
could take a grim sort of satisfaction
in the irony of these combinations.
But I am still waiting.—Atlantic.

A Waitress Too Optimistic.

"A mistake was made when I ate
at this place five years ago," said a
man to the waitress at the lunch coun-
ter in the Union depot.

"Suppose I gave you too much
money in making change," said the
young woman.

"No, that's not the trouble. I was
short 20 cents."

"Well, I wasn't here five years ago,"
she snapped as she left to wait on an-
other customer.—Kansas City Star.

Tears Not Idle.

"My doctor tells me a good cry is
beneficial."

The second woman, opening her
purse, displayed a first class return
ticket to Europe.

"A good cry gained me this," she
said.—New York Press.

True Love.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love
you. Jack—Oh, yes, she does. Tom—
How do you know? Jack—When I
told her that I had no money to get
married on she offered to borrow some
from her father.—Philadelphia In-
quirer.

The Habit of Nervousness.

"What an extremely nervous woman
Mrs. Tompkins is, isn't she?"

"I hadn't noticed it, my dear."
"Then you haven't been paying atten-
tion. Her new silk skirt doesn't stop
rustling a moment."—Milwaukee Senti-
nel.

Receiving a new truth is adding a
new sense.—Liebig.



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thing in his line at
the most reasonable
prices is Marsh's
motto. He wants
your trade, and
hopes by merit to
keep it.

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A few doses of this remedy will in-
variably cure an ordinary attack of
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It can always be depended upon,
even in the more severe attacks of
cramp colic and cholera morbus.

It is equally successful for summer
diarrhœa and cholera infantum in
children, and is the means of saving
the lives of many children each year.

When reduced with water and
sweetened it is pleasant to take.
Every man of a family should keep
this remedy in his home. Buy it now.
PRICE, 25c. LARGE SIZE, 50c.

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SPECIALS

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Many low round trip rates to eastern
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position tickets include New York and sea
shore resorts with variable routes; ex-
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ern Michigan, Canada and St. Lawrence
River resorts, Niagara Falls and Boston.
Consult Agent as to making use of these
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